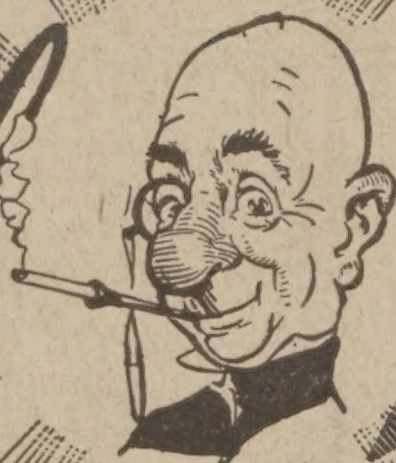


The Half Holiday



No. 1764 (New Series No. 42).

Saturday, 25th August, 1923.

Twopence.



THE GREAT KICK-OFF.

ALL THE GIRLS ARE READY FOR THE FRAY.



LARK'S "ANCHOR" THREADS are unrivalled for every kind of Washable Embroidery, fine or bold, as for Knitted Jumpers, Sports Hats, Gloves, Stockings and Scarves. There are special threads for EACH in white and lovely fadeless colours. They have silky smoothness, are strong and even and easy to work. Obtainable at all Drapers and Needlework Depôts, with patterns, transfers and leaflets of instruction.

"ANCHOR" Threads are seven in number:

COTON A BRODER
STRANDED COTTON
FILOSHEEN

VELVENO
FLOX
FIL D'ECOSSE

FLOSS EMBROIDERY

All made by

CLARK & CO LTD
PAISLEY



READ
COLONIAL
EXPERIENCE.
SEE PAGE TEN.



READ
THE CANON AND
THE REVUE GIRL.
SEE PAGE SIX.

"THE HALF-HOLIDAY."

Forwarded to any part of the World, post free: 3 months, 3s.; 6 months, 6s.; 12 months (including all Special Numbers), 12s. In stamps or P.O.O.'s to THE PROPRIETORS, "THE SLOPERIES," 7A, WINE OFFICE COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Show Caras and Contents Bills will be sent post free to Newsagents on application. Reading Cases, free of charge, to Hotels, Restaurants, etc.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, must enclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Under no other conditions will attention be given to work sent in on approval. Do not enclose loose stamps.

A COINCIDENCE.

HE had gone away on business that morning. She had kissed him good-bye at Waterloo, and had made her way blindly back to her motor. Her darling Ned was gone—perhaps never to return.

She had sobbed all the way home, and now she was crouched against the cushions of the divan, looking about her in helpless lonesomeness. What should she do?

She was so proud of him, and she felt a thrill of happiness in the thought that she had left a letter unanswered that had come to her a few weeks before. It was a very innocent note, written by an old admirer of hers, Jack Villiers, who was just out of college.

As she crouched there thinking about it the bell rang sharply, and in a moment the maid entered with a letter on a tray. It was square and pink, with a big seal.

Mrs. "Ned" took it. It was directed to her husband, and marked:

"To be delivered at Waterloo. Southampton express. Important."

The boy had missed the train, but had found the private address of the man it was directed to.

Mrs. "Ned" read in the tinted, perfumed sheet the story of her husband's faithless ness. It was a woman's letter, and was in answer to one of his pleadings that the woman should take the next train for Southampton, where he could see her without fear of his wife.

The answer said that she was already on the way, and congratulated him on being at last free from "that doll-faced nonentity whom Society calls your wife." It spoke of the joys past and in prospect so plainly that the face of the woman who read it blazed red as flame.

She looked up. The maid had left the room. In a mirror over the mantel Mrs. "Ned" saw a face with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks, the face of an insulted woman anxious for revenge. Her mind was groping about for a weapon just as her hand would have groped for a knife if those two stood before her.

The bell rang again. This time softly, as bells do ring sometimes, impelled by a motive that moves from the brain to the hand, and makes the electric jingle sound like a caress.

This time the maid brought in a florist's box and a man's card. Mrs. "Ned" took it in her hand and read it and smiled softly.

"Mrs. John Villiers," it read. "May I see you?" was pencilled above.

The call and the flowers were unpardonably impertinent in view of the time and the circumstances. It was not her reception day. That was why he had chosen it, she thought.

It was just like Jack. Mrs. "Ned" laughed, much to the maid's astonishment.

"Tell him I shall be there in a moment," she said.

LEVITY.

Here the lecturer grew very earnest. "I am convinced," he exclaimed, "that the woman who does her own cooking is more likely to find a place among the angels than the woman who doesn't."

Now a voice obtruded itself harshly. "If she cooks with petroleum," said the voice.

GIRLS OF TO-DAY.



THE GIRL WHO'S NOT ENGAGED.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

BY OUR "HALF-HOLIDAY" RHYMSTER.

LITTLE PIPIT.

Come along my little pipit,
Let us trip it—lightly trip it—
On the sands of sunlit seas,
Or the sward beneath the trees;
'Tis no matter, little pipit,
Life is short, so let us sip it.

Since, when in a leafy chapel
Adam bit the fatal apple,
There has always been an Eve
Ever ready to deceive.
Come along, and you shall grapple
With another kind of apple.

Earth is sweet and skies are sunny,
Some are poor and some have money.
Thank the gods I have enough
That our pathway be not rough.
Come along, my cheerful pipit,
There is joy, so let us grip it.

There are birds besides the pheasant
That have plumage bright and pleasant,
You are just a little bird
That my fleeting pulse has stirred.
Come along, my charming pipit,
Curse convention! Let us rip it.

"I HAVE A SONG TO SING, HO!"

BY "THE BARD."

A DAY OFF.

He was a sober-minded clerk,
Who never missed a day;
He seemed to merely live to work,
He ne'er indulged in play;
Month after month he toiled along
He always did his best,
And though he was not over strong,
He never cared to rest.

His grandma ne'er fell ill when there
Were football games in town;
He had no wish to loiter where
Men knocked each other down;
He had no love for golf or wheels,
He cared not for croquet,
But, hardly taking time for meals,
He always worked away.

A circus came to town last night,
With gilded chariots, and
Its massive tents are gleaming white;
Hark! Don't you hear the band?
The man who always worked away—
Who was a boy of three,
Is missing from his desk to-day,
Oh! where—oh! where is he?

POINTS OF SIMILIARITY.

"Golf is a good deal ilke courtship."
"How's that?"
"People like it so well they don't care what outsiders say."

Bilston: I understand that you have bought a cottage at the seaside for the coming summer.
Tootville: I bought two, side by side.
Bilston: What for?
Tootville: One is for my wife's trunks.



HE (admiringly): Do you always do unto others as you would they should do unto you?
SHE: Of course not. How can a girl propose to a man, for instance?



HELLO! Lardi! Hello! Is that you, Lardi? Is that the house of Miss Lardi Longsox, and is— Oh! it is you, Lardi? My dear, why don't you speak more distinctly— You'll never be able to do a Broadcasting turn while you talk as though your tongue was paralysed and your mouth full of treacle pudding!

Well, I've rung up to apologise for not ringing up when I promised that I would.

Yes, I know that apologies aren't much use—you can't cash 'em, can you?—but as I said I would 'phone, and as no member of the house of Sloper has ever broken his (or her) word, I thought I would "hullo-ullo-ullo" you for a few minutes.

What have I been doing? Leaping Moses! what haven't I been doing!—that's more like it!—No, no; I am not married yet—I have told Bob that he must wait for that until his new patent for sterilising kisses really catches on, and he makes a big fortune. Because I am one of those girls who, to be seen at my best, require to be backed by quite a huge lot of money!

Now guess again! No, I haven't been taking Pa to have any drink cure! Try again! Buying a new fur coat at summer prices? No; I pre-fur (ahem) to wait till they've left off advertising bargains! Try again! No, of course not! How dare you—

Have you ever seen anything in me to make you think that I should so far forget myself? No, not me!—not a daughter of the House of Sloper!!

Well, as it's perfectly evident that you can't guess, I'll tell you!

I've been to Paris!—just skipped over for a few days, and then skipped back, and—what did I go for? (Lardi, my dear, you are as inquisitive as the morning sun creeping in through the bathroom blinds while I'm having my matutinal soak-and-spash!)

Well, I didn't go for anything at all interesting. I went for Pa—on business—to arrange about bringing out a Continental-edition of "The Half-Holiday"—but I don't know yet if it will come off.

Adventures? Yes, of course, I had adventures! Do I ever go anywhere without having 'em?

Tell you them all? My dear, if there were reduced rates for three-hour calls, I might try to telephone a few of my doings; but, as it is—well, I can only manage to get in one before we are cut off!

All right, I'll begin.

Well, on the morning after my arrival I thought I'd get on with my biz. right away, so, after sleeping late and swallowing lots of creamy, foamy coffee and crispy, crunchey rolls and butter, I left the hotel and set out to find the offices of a certain newspaper publisher in a certain street called Rue de la Tonnerre.

But the setting out was easier than the finding, so, after asking six gendarmes and about a dozen other people—none of whom had ever heard of it—I strolled on aimlessly, wondering if Destiny would guide me, as no one else seemed able to do so.

Through the glittering white Place de la Concorde, and along to the shining Arc de Triumphe I went—then on and on till I reached the gay green Bois de Boulogne.

And just as I was wandering beneath the trees, feeling more French than French coffee, French rolls, or French polish, I became aware of the fact that a young man whom I had just met and passed, had turned round and was following me.

Now, Lardi, as you know, I am absolutely true to Bob, and it's very rarely that any other man interests me, even mildly. You do know that, don't you? (What? What? I can't hear! But I know that you do know what I know, you know!)

This particular young man, however, was rather different, because—er—because—well, besides being awfully smart and handsome, he had such an attractive Continental sort of air, which seemed to suggest that he would make an adorable lover.

Anyhow, I felt quite keen on him, and that I would just give anything for a chat with him.

So, as he seemed afraid to speak—but yet I knew he was longing to do so, I thought that, just for once, I'd help him on a bit.

So the next time he had passed me and turned round so as to meet me again, I stopped him and asked him the way to the Rue de la Tonnerre.

"Pardon, monsieur," I said in my most fluent French, "voulez-vous avoir le bonte me dire on je peux trouver la Rue de la Tonnerre?"

He smiled, he bared his head, he looked lovely into my eyes, and then with an air of distracted regret, he spluttered out:

"Francais—non!"

France—no— This, of course, meant that he wasn't French, and couldn't speak it!

So then I decided that, in spite of his looking so charming, he was probably German.

Therefore, making an effort to remember the language that everyone has tried to forget, I said: "Bitte, mein herr, aber wo ist der strasse Tonnerre?"

Again he was overcome with regret, and replied: "Deutch—nicht!"

German—not!

Well, I could even try Spanish, Russian, Italian, Swedish, etc., etc., so all I could do was to shrug my shoulders, look regretful, and pass on.

But though I passed on, I knew that he was still trotting behind like a dear fox terrier; so, after a few minutes, I sat down on a green seat.

He sat down too! (Yes, of course I knew he would—don't be silly!)

We smiled—we looked—we nodded—we flirted with our eyes—in fact, we did everything except talk!

Oh! it was maddenningly tantalising! And obviously he found it so, because suddenly he threw up his hands with a gesture of real despair, and cried:

"Oh— if only I could speak some language except my own! But I don't know a word of anything but English—which, of course, you, you dear little French darling, don't understand! An Englishman who comes to France without knowing French is a fool, and—"

But then I interrupted him by just saying quite softly:

"Please can you tell me the way to the Rue de la Tonnerre?"

After that? Oh—er—I haven't time to tell you what happened after that! Anyhow, I had quite a good time in Paris, and I have come to the conclusion that an Englishman who looks like an aristocratic foreigner is just the most attractive bit of cloth that's going!

Did he what? What?

Oh! Exchange, you've cut us off! Never mind, perhaps it's as well! It's never wise to confide too much, even to one's best friend!!

HEAVY LOAD ON HIS MIND.

Mrs. Mack: John is so absent-minded.

Mrs. Jack: What's the matter now?

Mrs. Mack: He bought a load of hay for our motor.



THE DIPLOMAT

"Can't you see that no fishing is allowed?"
"I'm not fishing!"
"No! I'm teaching this worm to swim!"



The Last Giddy Whirl Before the
Curtain Falls.



CUSTOMER: I say, waiter, what makes this room so cold?
WAITER: I don't know, sir, unless it's the frieze on the wall.



TYPIST: I'll tell the guv'nor you tried to kiss me.
CLERK: Well, if he objects I'll tell his wife that he kissed you.



THE ASSAULT AT ARMS.



NINI: George says that my beauty intoxicates him.
ELSIE: I heard that he said you were enough to
drive a man to drink.

The Canon and the Revue Girl.

STRICTLY speaking, Aggie Wilson was a boy—a principal boy, whose costume could be packed in a moderate-sized envelope—but the promoters of the cafe chantant at Canon Glyde's Continental Bazaar could scarcely be expected to understand these nice theatrical distinctions.

Before consenting to the introduction of a cafe chantant into this scheme for rescuing his schools from debt, Canon Glyde had a bad day with his conscience, and, having consented, he proved himself unable, without appearing inconsistent, to refuse to act as chairman of the entertainment.

On the crucial evening, however, with his wife beside him on the platform, he looked down with a fair amount of complacency on the audience, polishing his gold rimmed pince-nez rather frequently at first, it is true, but after hearing a rather plump young lady "Hello her baby, her honey, etc.," and a young man, wearing khaki, enumerate the joys of a soldier's life, he was able to solace himself with the thought that cafes chantant were not at all unlike parochial concerts.

Towards the middle of the programme the honorary manager of the entertainment brought a slip of paper to the chairman. The Canon nodded his head and smiled, and a funny young man at the piano began to tell the audience that "The mother and her child were there."

After reading the slip, the Canon's face underwent a change. Twice more he picked it up, read it, and put it down again, only to become more and more meditative.

His thoughts seemed miles away, and they were only brought back by the rapping of tables and the clapping of hands, and by Mrs. Glyde touching his arm. The funny young man had departed.

The Canon sprang to his feet, adjusted his glasses, and taking up the programme, said, "Mr. Baker will recite, a la Grossmith, 'The mother and her child,' with musical accompaniment."

The audience tittered, one man shouting, "We didn't ask for an encore, sir."

Mrs. Glyde whispered to her husband.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, then pulled himself together and smiled. "Tommy Atkins is not the only absent-minded beggar, I'm afraid. I regret," he continued, referring to the

slip of paper, "I regret that the programme will be varied a little at this point. Owing to a severe cold, Professor Quickman, who had promised to come across from the revue and entertain us with his vocal imitation of birds and beasts, finds himself unable to sustain the exertion of two performances, therefore Mr. Oldacre, the manager of the theatre, has prevailed upon Miss Aggie Wilson, his principal lady, to deputise for Mr. Quickman. The Pierrots will now play a barjo duet, and Miss Wilson will appear when convenient to leave the theatre."

A moment later, while the banjos were being tuned, the hon. manager again came to the Canon and whispered:

"Will you come to the ante-room for a second, sir?"

The Canon was not sorry to get away. He did not, just then, wish to be questioned by Mrs. Glyde.

"We are in a difficulty, sir," said the hon. manager, looking hot and flurried. "Miss Wilson has just arrived."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Canon, briskly, "and she wishes to sing at once, of course?"

"No, sir."

"Then let her appear after the Pierrots, Mr. Plympton."

"That is not the difficulty, sir. She has come in her—her revue dress. That is to say, tights and—er—what not, and perhaps it wouldn't be altogether the—the thing, sir, eh?"

The Canon looked almost hotter than Mr. Plympton—certainly more uncomfortable.

"No, no, Mr. Plympton. Won't do at all. Ask her to—er—don more—more circumspect attire."

Plympton shook his head.

"She seems rather an obstinate woman, Canon. Told me, in fact, to take a banana. You'd better speak to her yourself, sir. She said she'd wait for you in there."

This suggestion completed Canon Glyde's discomfort. He h'm'd and ha'd and paced the room, unable to say "i.o." unwilling to say "yes."

"There's no other way, sir," Plympton urged.

At the same moment the further door was opened and Miss Wilson stood there in her revue princely glory, her hands stuck in the pockets of a

long, smartly-cut Newmarket coat, thrown open. "Well! Have you made up your mind?" she asked.

Plympton stammered. "Canon Glyde—Miss Aggie Wilson," and bolted.

"Well, I never!" cried Aggie, advancing to the Canon. "Fancy meeting you—How d'you do?"

The Canon looked behind him before gingerly accepting her hand.

"You don't seem to remember me, Charley."

Canon Glyde muttered something unintelligible.

"Come in here," she said, returning to her room and closing the door. "Sit down, Charley. It's good to see you again. Fancy you being a canon. A church canon's a big gun, I suppose, eh? Remember those jolly luncheons at Oxford? I do. Because, you see, that was my first engagement as a "show girl," and you gave me my very first bouquet. Funny little show, wasn't it? And wasn't I a thin little crow in that black masher suit? And weren't you a spoon? I should see through it now, of course. I've had all the sentimentality knocked out of me. But I believed you were really gone on me then, and I was mashed on you, straight. And now you're Canon Glyde. Well!"

"I'm afraid," said the Canon, reflectively, trying to frame something non-committal, "I'm afraid youth is a rather emotional period."

"Oh! don't say nasty things, Charley. It's an awful long time since, I know, but I don't feel old and that's everything."

"I don't think I erred beyond the merely foolish," he murmured.

"You mostly behaved like what you were. Charley—a gentleman. But you did write most beautiful letters. I've kept every one of them, and, when I feel humphish about things, I just read 'em. They're a real tonic. They take me back to the time when the world seemed all it ought to be—not what it is: a hollow fraud. But what's all this guff about my dress? The fellow said I ought to wear a frock, as if I could sing a boy's song in a frock. I look all right, don't I? Everything's silk and satin."

The Canon coughed, and began cleaning his glasses again. It was difficult to answer Miss Wilson's question whilst his brain kept on repeating, "Letters! Letters! She has my letters. I wonder what's in the?"

"You see, Miss Wilson," he began, feeling like a man trying to play on a piano a different tune with each hand, "this is a church bazaar—"

"I thought it was a cafe chantant."

"Well, yes, a—er—modified cafe chantant. Any thing out're would be in bad taste—probably offensive."

"Out're, eh? That'll do. I'll off it. I didn't give my services to have mud slung at me."

This might have been an easy way out of the difficulty, but there were the letters. The Canon laid a detaining hand on her arm.

"No, no. Don't go away, Miss Wilson. I was speaking of your dress, not of you. I have announced you, and I—I should like to hear you sing again."

Miss Wilson looked dubious.

"Honest injun?"

"Really."

"Finger wet, finger dry, cut your throat before you'd tell a lie?"

"Truly."

"That'll do."

Aggie buttoned up her long coat, hiding every vestige of her revue dress.

"This is for old time's sake, mind. I wouldn't knuckle under for anyone else, Charley. See?"

The Canon offered his hand.

"I shall not have another opportunity of thanking you privately, Miss Wilson. I may trust you not to use those letters against me, may I not?"

"What do you take me for? You needn't be ashamed of 'em. You're no worse for having written 'em. Besides, they're only signed Charley, and I don't suppose anybody calls you Charley nowadays."

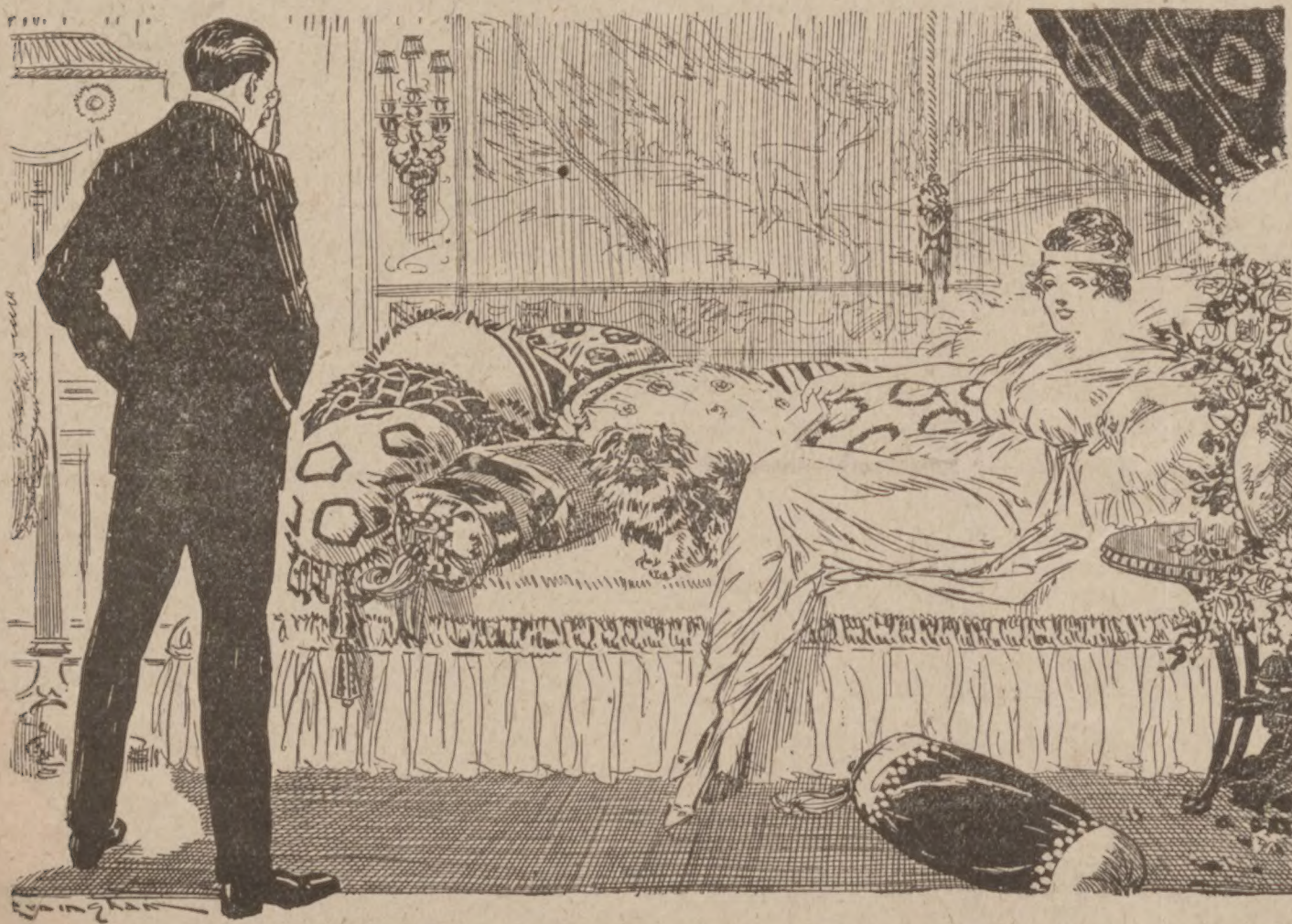
"Only you."

"Well, I shan't hurt. Allez!"

WEDDED BLISS.

Mrs. Mulvaney: "An' how do yer husband an' yerself get along together, Mrs. O'Brien? Good, I hope."

Mrs. O'Brien: "Oh, yis; very good, Mrs. Mulvaney. Here we've bin married gon' on six months, an' I ain't had to call in the police but twice."



FLOSSIE: I don't think you love me like you used to, Jack.

JACK: Good Heavens! What makes you think so?

FLOSSIE: Because you haven't called me a heartless little flirt, and I'm sure I haven't changed.

A Life Sentence.

THEY had come out together on the lawn from the room that was too small to hold two men and their anger.

Mildenhall's sudden rage had kept him as yet from realising the full meaning of the torn letter which had fallen from the lace at his wife's bosom as she left the dinner-table three minutes before. She had swept away, trailing her silks after her, unconscious. Every fresh thought flushed his face anew, and his fingers convulsively crumpled or rolled the scraps of paper that he clung to with both hands.

"Oh! you scoundrel!"

The half-light from the drawn blinds fell on the letter—the foolish letter, in Kingsmark's hand-writing—and fell, too, on Kingsmark's white, hardened face, that seemed to peer with a piteous curiosity at what so little time ago was the face of his friend. His friend, his dear old friend, whom he had so basely betrayed, and that not for love's sake, but in the climax of a series of weak concessions to the foolish passion of his friend's wife.

The broken voice went on, sounding wearily, like the voice of one who has spoken a long time: "And if anyone had told me, Jack, only five minutes back—before I—that you— Oh! you scoundrel!"

At the fresh blaze of wrath, Kingsmark put up his arm instinctively.

"Keep off!" he said, speaking for the first time.

The action put a new thought into Mildenhall's madness. With a scream like an animal in pain, the big yellow-bearded man threw himself upon Kingsmark and hurled him to the ground. As they rolled over together, Kingsmark felt hands at his throat. His eyes swam in his head—the clutch released for an instant, and before it tightened again, his fingers found what they sought in his breast-pocket.

Mildenhall was leaning on him and laughing hysterically. Speech was impossible to Kingsmark. He tried it; then, forgetting everything but that life and senses were leaving him, he struck upward with all his ebbing force.

A tremor ran through the fingers at his throat, and their clasp was loosened. He struggled to his knees.

Evelyn Mildenhall seemed to be sitting against the tulip bank, with his head thrown back and his beard pointing upward, just as it used to do when he let off his great peal of laughter at some jest of his friend's.

"Evelyn!"

No answer. Then the blood rushed into the forehead of the man who realised now what he had done. He stepped back into the house and threw on his hat and Inverness. When he returned, he leaned over Mildenhall and stroked his hair with his hand. The man was dead, but the man who

had killed him could not think of that now. All his senses were strangely alive to trifles.

Through the open window he could see the dining-room as they had left it, the chairs thrust back, the cigar-box open on the table, the wine still in the glasses. One of the two who had set there was dead—the one who was alive hardly knew which. The turf was wet. Had a shower fallen? At dinner she had complained of the heat, and languidly predicted rain. Mildenhall's head, lying back like that, must be crushing one of the tulips. Naturally an unobservant man, Kingsmark noticed for the first time that tulip-cups shut at night.

Something was shining at Mildenhall's breast. The silver figure of a contadina hafting the stiletto that slew him. Why was there not more blood? Kingsmark had bought that stiletto and the silver candlesticks now on the table within, the day the two came away from Pisa, at the end of that long holiday in the sun. He could leave it there safely. No man had looked at it since but he and the dead man who now had it in his heart. He took his eyes from the hilt, shut them, and turned away his head. When he opened them again he stooped to pick up something white from the turf, a torn letter, on thrusting this into his waistcoat-pocket, he went

whose turned-up corner he read "Darling Hetty." down the avenue with head bent, his boots crunching the moist gravel on the path, now lit up and spangled by the moonlight.

His old friend—

Long ago they had sworn that the one who died first should return to meet and greet the other on his way. Kingsmark wished that this could be. For then his last memory of his friend would be a reproachful face—better memory than the white throat thrown back in the moonlight.

He shuddered, and reached out his hands. Someone was speaking. He had walked into the little lane of light cast by a policeman's lantern.

"Good-night," he answered in his dream.

"Looks like more rain, sir."

"I fear so," said Kingsmark.

His old friend! He almost felt the accustomed arm thrown across his shoulder.

No thought of flight; he was tired, and to-morrow showed dimly at the end of the long sleep awaiting him. Mildenhall had always walked his road with him, and now Mildenhall was dead. Kingsmark wished he was dead, too; but perhaps that was only part of the craving for sleep which oppressed him. But it was his first definite thought since Mildenhall, cigar in mouth, had picked the torn letter from the floor under the empty chair at the table head.

Another policeman was standing at his gate when Kingsmark fitted his latch-key to the lock. Kingsmark wondered at the strange voice with which he gave good-night to this man.

When he had lighted a candle in his bedroom, he leaned his hands on the dressing-table and looked long and curiously at the white face that stared at him out of the mirror's dark depths. It was interesting to see the face of a man who had . . . He threw himself on the bed at the last pitch of exhaustion.

* * * * *

Knock, knock, knock! What was it—was someone making a coffin? Hammer, hammer, hammer! No; it was someone at the front door, and a bell was clanging loudly in the empty kitchen.

Kingsmark instinctively tore off his coat and put on a dressing-gown before he went down.

As he shot back the heavy bolts of the front door he was conscious of a light through the ground glass, and of voices without.

"Well, what's up?" he was surprised to hear himself say as he saw two policemen standing on the doorstep. The night smelled sweet of wet earth and leaves.

"Mr. Mildenhall, sir, he's dead, sir, murdered."

"Good God!" Kingsmark leaned against the door-post, fighting for breath to say, "I killed him."

"Yes, sir. In his front garden, a knife in his heart, sir," said the other policeman.

Kingsmark rubbed his hand across his eyes and looked at it as if he expected to see something on it.

"I was asleep," he said.

"You see," went on the policeman apologetically, "we came to you through you being so well known to be his best friend, and having been seen with him last of all."

"What?" asked Kingsmark.

"Why, sir, sure you're heavy with sleep, or you'd remember meeting us as usual, and us giving you good-night, sir. Don't you recollect?"

"You saw me walking with Mr. Mildenhall to-night?"

"Yes, sir; of course I did. Come, sir, rouse yourself."

Kingsmark held his two hands over his head and said:

"Tell me again."

"Again and again, sir," answered the man with some temper. "I saw him and you as usual, and I saw him leave you at the door; and I saw him go back home and I said good-night, but he never answered. And then we saw the light and the window open, and went in and found the poor gentleman stone dead on his own lawn with his head among the tulips."

Kingsmark's hands tightened their clasp. The dead man had kept his promise then, and had walked with him that night. A ghost had paced by his side, a ghost's arm had lain on his shoulder, a ghost had come back, the murdered man had saved the murderer. How curious!

Kingsmark burst out laughing and fell at the policeman's feet.

They roused him, or what was left of him. The best part of him lay on the lawn among the tulips.

A stupid sense of clinging to life with both hands possessed him. Mildenhall had saved his life; he dared not throw it away. He was condemned to live. He went through an inquest (or dreamed he did), answering questions mechanically with a growing wonder to find his answers believed. What fools people were. And he the greatest fool of all. His old friend!

Kingsmark thinks he went mad a little after this. They called it brain fever. When he got better he tried to tell himself Mildenhall was not dead—had gone to a far country. But even that last rag—the one thing that let any meaning remain to life—was torn from him, for Mildenhall's widow came to see him.

"My darling!" she cried, throwing her arms round him, "how terrible all this has been, but I am all your own now."

He did not answer, but she felt the repulsion of denial in the contact of him.

The commonplace, pretty face, framed in the yellow hair and widow's bonnet, darkened. Then she spoke, reasonably, softly, with the little lisp Mildenhall had loved to hear.

"Jack, dear, of course it's very shocking and all that. But really it ought to bring us together. Why should it part us?"

He drew himself up and laid his dry lips against her little red mouth. This, too, was part of his life sentence.

"Why, indeed?" he said with a shiver. And sat with his head bowed in the shadow of the night that was coming.

—)o(—

NOT THE POINT.

Friend: Oh! come now, you can have half-a-day off with me as well as not. You needn't tell me that a boarding-house won't run itself a few hours.

Boarding-House Keeper: That isn't the point. What I really have to keep about for is to see that the boarders don't run.



PREOCCUPATION.

C.E. C. Wilson

YACHTING NOTES.

Head on—squall coming in sight.



Little dabs of paint,
Little bits of powder,
Make a woman's wrinkles
Look as if they ain't.



OCH! HI!
A dainty dancing partner at a recent masquerade
ball.



SWEET GIRLS.
MAUD: My face is my fortune.
MABEL: Poverty's no disgrace.



HE: Do you remember when I proposed to you and you rejected me?
SHE: It is one of the happiest recollections of my life.



HE: Ethel dear, there is one thing I like about you.
SHE: Oh! and what's that?
HE: My arm!



WIFE: You only married me because I had money.
HUSBAND: Nonsense.
WIFE: Why, then?
HUSBAND: Because I had none.



What We May Soon See
at Revues.



A WEIGHTY ARGUMENT.
STOUT LADY: Pray don't stand up, sir, I'm perfectly comfortable.

Colonial Experience.



HARRY BAKER was a new chum — Jackeroo. He had only been in Australia six months, and after having had three months of that time in Melbourne and Sydney, where he made things "hum" to a lively tune, he came up to Puldigerririya station to do two years colonial experience.

Watson, the overseer, at Puldigerririya (or Pul for short, as all the "sundowners," "jackys," and "paraquites" round the Western district called the station), was a bluff, hearty old Britisher, who had come out in the 'sixties, and, after fighting his way through four digging rushes and several bush-ranging affrays, had settled down as an honest old sheep-breeder, minus one of his understandings, his dexter optic, and his star-board auricular, which had been chewed off by an infuriated Irishman while under the influence of the "thrimmins."

Watson had at once taken an immense liking to Harry Baker, and put him up to every move in the squatting line at each available opportunity.

Harry Baker was a good rider as Englishmen go. He could sit a quiet horse like a Centaur, and on a trained jumper he could cross the stiffest hunting country in the shires without making a "molly" of himself.

But nary buckjumper had Harry ever crossed. For bush riding, where the stockmen go like tornadoes after wild cattle, through scrub thicker than an Indian jungle, and up and down the sides of ridges as steep as the Peak of Derbyshire, on "war-rigals" (wild horses) that have never been broken in, Harry was of no account. He was game as a soldier

ant, but, do what he would, he couldn't keep with the worst of 'em through the scrub. He tried his durndest, but it only resulted in a broken skull and a dislocated shoulder.

Trying to pass between two stiff pines three feet apart, with a fallen log four feet high on the other side, he lost his nerve at the critical moment, forgot all old Watson's advice, and one twitch of the reins canoned him against the near-side pine and spread him out; and for six weeks after, as long as he lay in his bunk getting well, the old man kept dinning into his ears:

"A stock horse is a trained horse; if you let him alone you'll never come to harm. Drop the reins and let 'em sail, my boy—let 'em sail! LET 'EM SAIL!"

But though Harry was a poor hand through scrub he had many other good points to recommend him, one among the many of which was his ability to use his hands; for, no mistake, he was a "dandy" at the game with the "mittens," or with the "cold beef." And by this he gained a reputation second to none in the district.

Whenever a new chum first comes to a station it is the usual thing for Australian squatters to stick him on a bad buckjumper, and then, standing round with all hands, to laugh at the English "toff" as he gets slung into the air like a shell hoisted out of a mortar.

Harry had heard of this game from his friend, old Watson.

"It's only these d—d colonials that do it, Harry," growled the old man; "they know no better."

One day Watson and Harry Baker drove over to a neighbouring station, Windgi, and stayed to dinner.

Railes, the owner, was a "pucca"

Australian—one of the descendants of the original Red Rover brand. He hated England with the hate of a maniac. So he could not let Harry alone.

Sport was the topic of conversation, and, racing being mentioned, Harry Baker said he preferred steeplechasing.

Thereupon the following conversation ensued:

"Like the sticks?" asked Railes.

"Yes," said Harry; "hunting or steeplechasing is glorious sport."

"D'ye hunt yourself?" asked Railes.

"Yes; I can do that much," was the reply.

"Well, I've got a beautiful jumper in my horse-paddock—can jump six feet clear. Would you like to try him?"

"By Jove! I would," said Harry.

He didn't catch the frantic signals old Watson was firing across the table to him.

"Jack," sung out Railes to his overseer, "get Lion saddled and bring him round. The English gentleman will put him over the fences."

And the overseer went grinning down to the stock-yard.

In five minutes a big, quiet-looking bay was led up, saddled and bridled, and Harry got on without any difficulty.

The whole station, men and women had turned out to see the fun—that is, to see their devil of a buckjumper give the new chum a "buster."

"Now then, put him at that three-rail fence," said Railes.

Harry gave the bay a shake-up, and, hey presto! down went his head, and he "went to market" in downright earnest, "pigging" and "rooting," and "propping" all over the place like a fiend incarnate.

After a desperate attempt to stick, Harry was jerked into the air, and landed on his back six yards off as flat as a pancake, while the bay proceeded to buck clean out of the saddle and bridle.

A howl of derisive guffaws greeted Harry's performance, and the delighted squatter shouted:



WIFEY: You used to say before we were married that you could die listening to the sound of my voice.

HUBBY: Yes, and you're evidently going to keep me up to it.

"I thought you said you liked jumping. Now that fellow jumped clean six feet into the air, but you couldn't stick him. Ha! ha! ha!"

Harry picked himself up, and, with a white face, addressed the jubilant Railes.

"I'm no good at riding buck-jumpers," he said, between his set teeth, "but I know a cad when I see one, and I can fight. Here, put up your hands."

And before Railes knew what was about to happen, Harry had flung off his coat and was shaping before him. Railes was a noted bully, and had won several fights with shearers. In a moment he rushed on Harry, foaming with rage.

But his time was at hand. Stopping him beautifully with a straight left flush on the mouth, the English lad stepped in, and, crossing like lightning, took the squatter fair on the point of the jaw and laid him out as stiff as a ramrod.

"Now then, Mr. Watson, let's get the buggy and go home. He'll think twice before he tries that cowardly trick on another new chum," said the victorious Jackeroo.

Ever after that Harry was looked upon as the champion of the Western district, and though he has had many "scraps" since, he never had so easy a "go" as the fight he won "in two hits" while gaining COLONIAL EXPERIENCE.

SEEKING HIS LEVEL.

"I say, old man, you should call on Miss Hopkinson. She's a bright girl—a brilliant one."

"I know it—that's why I don't call."

FREE.

Our Special Catalogue of Perfect Surgical and "Pro-Race" Appliances of every kind sent FREE, with information worth pounds for both sexes (Adults only.)

A.S. CHARLES & Co.,
WEST GREEN RD., LONDON.

FREE TO WOMEN.

To prove their superiority, and that "POPLETS" do actually cure all Ladies' Ailments, Irregularities, etc., I will send a trial box Absolutely Free.

NURSE J. I. POWELL,
Brookwood Road, Wandsworth,
London, S.W. 18.



WIFE (complainingly): You are not like Mr. Knagg. He has been married twenty years, and Mrs. Knagg says he is so tender.

HUSBAND: Tender? Well, he ought to be, after being in hot water as long as that.

Women Bull-Fighters.

SCENES IN A MEXICAN ARENA.

I CONTENTED that there were no "new women" in Mexico—that is to say, among the natives. But, said my friends triumphantly:

"You come with us to the bull-fight next Sunday and see whether there are or not, before making such wild statements. You'll find that Mexico is, if anything, ahead of your Anglo-Saxon races in

bination of purple and silver, and looked very pretty indeed. For about four minutes she laboured with all her might, but the naughty little bull refused to be touched. He frisked about wildly, and made divers adarming butts at Angelita, in reply to her attention with the sword.



ETHEL: No, Mr. Softleigh, it's no good you saying "hearts are trumps," my mind is made up.
SOFTLEIGH: Goodness gracious, Miss Ethel! I only thought ladies made up their faces.

the matter of "new women."

Therefore I went.

The occasion was the debut of a cuadrilla of lady bull-fighters, and a big crowd had congregated out at the Bucareli Bull-Ring to see the fair *senoritas*. Everyone was on the tip-toe of expectation until the ladies entered for the promenade, and loud was the applause when they did appear, certainly quite fetching in their storeroom costumes. They are rather pretty, all Spanish, and the combinations of colours they had selected were certainly all that could be desired.

At the start off some quite pretty work with the capa was done by Lolita and Angelita, the object of their attention being a frisky young bull. The crowd liked this work, and applauded the *senoritas* loudly.

Knelt in the Ring.

After that, Angelita very bravely knelt in the ring and challenged the bull. At this everyone yelled and applauded; the band played the "Diana" over and over again, while on the sunny side the peones shrieked, "Bravo, bravo! Angelita!" and flowers, dollars, purses, and spools of thread came rattling into the ring.

Next came the banderillas, wielded by Angelita and Encarnacion. Owing, I suppose, to the fact that a woman's aim is never what it should be, in every case except one the banderillas went very wide of the mark. In fact, the little torero seemed to regard it in the light of a frolic, and frisked about in the happiest manner.

The banderilla work was not a success, though one must say that these strong-minded women of Mexico got much nearer to the bull than the average new woman of our land would care to do.

The picadores were eliminated, and so the next thing to the banderillas was the killing! Every one was on the qui vive as Angelita took the sword, determined and calm. She wore a beautiful com-

Angelita's Escape.

Twice she was "bunted" and rolled in the dust of the ring, and had it not been for a male torero, who was in the ring to assist, Angelita might have got her own quietus, in place of the toro. As it was, no harm was done, except to the bull, who received scratches and cuts from Angelita's sword until he must have wondered what sort of matador had hold of him.



MORD EM'LY: Garn! Don't any on yer come to 'is hassistance, though 'e is a copper. I've got the law on my side. E's my 'usbind an' I'll do wot I like to 'im!

No doubt it was as much of a surprise to him as anyone else when the fair torero finally did touch the vital spot, and the poor little toro bit the dust, and rolled over dead.

Again the audience shrieked, and stamped, and bravoed, and more money, and flowers, and spools of thread tumbled down at the fair Angelita's white-slipped feet. She tripped from side to side, bowing, with hands on her heart, to the sol and then to the *sombra*. It was rather funny to see a woman uproariously applauded for work that a man would have been hissed and hooted for, but it goes to show the innate gallantry of the Mexican people.

Shameful Cruelty.

The next bull came in, and again two of the girls teased him with the pretty capa work. In this they do very well. In the cloak play there is no "aim" required, and it really is not difficult for feminine hands. All you have got to do is to flap the cloak at the toro, and, if he gets too near to you for comfort, dodge briskly behind a barrier. But the girls came out of the capa work without accident.

The banderilla work with this second bull was on the same lines with the first—that is to say, about as bad as it could be, and even the good-natured audience could not keep from groaning. For my part, I groaned for the bull. They jabbed at him, and scratched, and stuck him until it was a sight to behold. Out of the two banderillas they sometimes placed one, and then the girls would rush off, and bow, and spread out their hands in alarm-
restures at the bull, who appeared thoroughly dumb-founded and utterly at a loss to know what it all meant.

Again Angelita was called upon to take the sword and kill the toro. With Spanish grace she bowed and beckoned, and went through all the usual preliminary motions and then made the first whack at the little bull. She aimed, from a close distance, at the neck; naturally, the sword took the animal straight in the ribs. The bull went for her, head down, horns out, and evidently with the idea of doing murder.

A Sickening Spectacle.

If the man, "El Negrito," had not been in the ring just then, no one would have known what might have happened, Angelita having lost her sword.

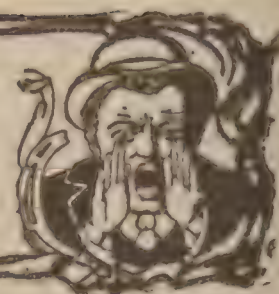
It took quite a time to get the bull sufficiently smoothed down to give him another thrust, which caught him in the neck, near enough to the vital spot to tumble him. But he was by no means done for, and it was only after some sharp work that the little bull gave up the ghost and stretched himself out on the sand. The decorated white mules dragged him out a moment after, amid the "plaudits of the crowd" to join his comrade outside in the corral, whence next day would be sold nice beef-steaks and "roshif." So good-bye, bull!

The third bull was brought in, and the capa work commenced again, but we did not stop longer. I admitted that the "new women" were not "in it" with the so-called too feminine and cowardly women of Mexico. Because, where is the strong-minded female who will, single-handed or even with the help of "El Negrito," for that matter, face and torment and kill a bull as did these intrepid females?



BETTING BY SYSTEM

"VICTOR" EXPLAINS HOW TO MAKE MONEY



In these articles various methods
of Making Money by System are
:: :: described weekly. :: ::

THE evidence which has been given recently before the Betting Commission must certainly cause the average individual to open his eyes to the fact that bookmakers are experiencing anything but a profitable time.

Pity the Poor Bookmakers.

One of the best-known London commission agents admitted that he had lost continuously for five weeks.

The secret of this reversal of the usual order of things is that information is placed before the public through the various newspapers, which could not possibly have been obtained by the public a few years ago for £50.

Also the Backers.

But even in these days of enlightenment there are large numbers of backers who bitterly complain that they cannot get the upper hand of the bookmakers.

These backers generally belong to what might be termed the haphazard class of punters. By this is meant the punters who disdain all method in their transactions, whether it be in winning-riding or in systematic staking.

A Mistaken Notion.

They seem to take it for granted that because they cannot make racing pay, nobody else can. On the other hand, it does not mean that because one person gets a living from racing, that everybody else can do so by the same methods.

It is an excellent policy to take racing seriously, and to endeavour to make it pay, otherwise it will prove to be a most expensive hobby.

Many Good Systems.

Quite a large number of punters labour under the delusion that there is only one absolute winning system, but what that system is they are at a loss to know.

This is quite a mistaken notion. There are large numbers of systems which, combined with methodical staking, are perfectly sound, and have every chance of beating the book.

Each-Way Betting.

Opinions have always been divided between the wisdom of backing horses to win only and backing them for win and place. Like most other things connected with betting, the writer is of the opinion that these points are best left to the judgment of each individual backer, but in case any readers may be somewhat uncertain as to the best way to apply place betting, the following system may prove useful.

One, or Two Horses in a Race?

It has been argued that it is a better plan to back two horses in a race whose prices respectively are, say, 2 to 1 and 4 to 1 than to back a 4 to 1 chance only each way. The following explanation will show that this is not the case.

Bearing in mind that only one of the horses can win, if we back the two horses and the 2 to 1 chance wins, we show a profit of one point; if the second should win, our margin of profit would be three points.

This means that we risk two points in trying to make an average gain of two points.

Use Your Own Judgment.

Although this is a concrete example, it is only given to explain the advantages of this particular bet; but, as before stated, the discretion of the backer himself should be the deciding factor regarding place-betting, and he alone is best able to judge after he has devoted time and study to the par-



THE MAJOR: I don't see why you shouldn't believe you're the only girl I ever loved.

BELLA: Why, did all the other girls believe it?

Making a Bigger Profit.

Should, however, we back the 4 to 1 chance only for a win and a place, we have the advantage of the possibility of winning both our bets, the win bet and the place bet. In the event of the horse winning, our net profit would be five points, and if it is placed, we neither win nor lose.

The risk we run in this form of bet, is two points to win an average of two and a half, half a point better than in the previous bet.

particular race he is interested in.

REPLIES TO READERS' ON RACING TOPICS.

Conducted by "VICTOR."

Please Note.—All questions must be plainly written, and the reader's name and address must accompany every query.

Readers must give a pen-name, or initials, whereby they will easily recognise such answer in this column.

B. V.—He was never charged with foul riding.

CARTHY.—We have had no complaints of the firm you mention.

SOLLY.—His letter strikes a note of genuineness. We think he will pay.

MIZRA.—Your remarks are highly interesting. We will write you anon.

MOORE, JUNIOR (Maida Vale).—Pleased to hear you are beating the book. Don't forget the "Old 'Un'."

PATSY.—His name is familiar in another direction. We are investigating.

L.C.C.—He wore a distinguishing cap on that occasion.

CORA.—Victor Smyth was the jockey who rode it.

HILL (Tooting).—They are two distinct firms.

SILESUS.—Lord Derby.

EPSOM.—He now rides over hurdles.

MISTER B.—Thanks for letter. We do not advise an increase of stake after second bet.

LARKSPUR.—You are confusing Tetrarch with Tetrarchia.

BUBBLES (Bow).—The old race-course has now been built upon.

A. P.—Danny Maher and Charlie Trigg.

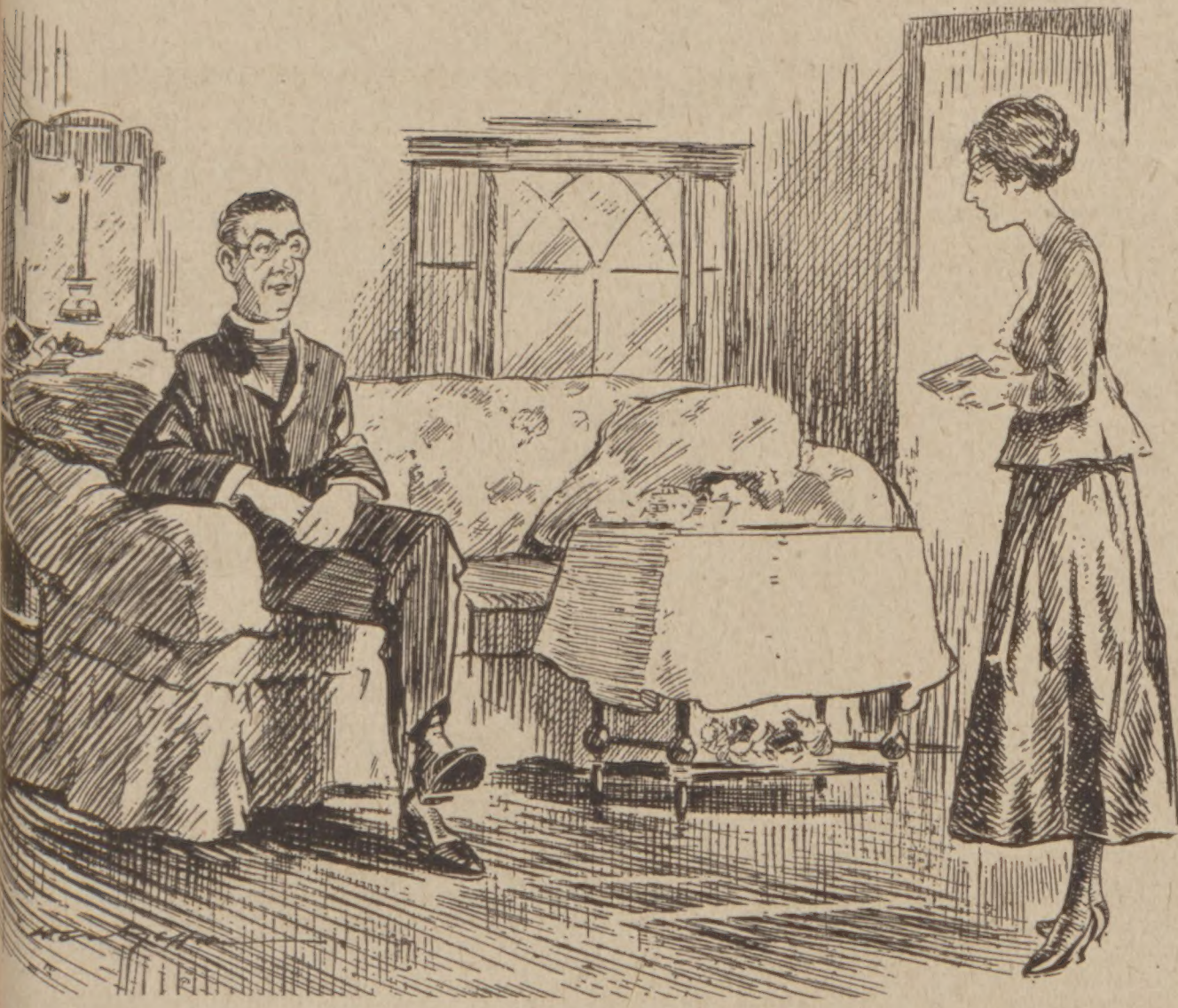
STILLETTO.—Write to the paper in question and explain. They will appreciate the information.

Mr. Londoner: I am told that the wind blows quite strongly here at times.

Mr. Cornishman: Tell you what's a fact: I've known it to blow for twelve days an' nights on a stretch an' hold a sheep up against the side of a barn, fourteen feet from the ground, all that time, an' never once let him fall."



"O-o-er! look at that couple over there!"



CURATE: Well, you got your husband to go to church with you instead of the theatre, eh?
 PARISHONER: Yes; but as you read your chapters from the Acts, he insisted on going out between them.



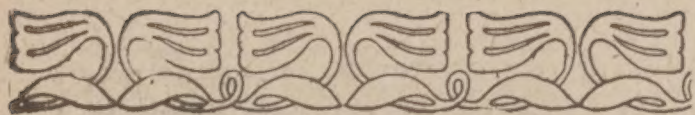
Waiting for Somebody.



A FATAL MISTAKE.
 How a kiss-snatcher was treated by the athletic girl.



ARTIST: During the whole of my artistic career I have only met with two women who were really and truly beautiful.
 LADY: Who was the other?



How You are Robbed in London.

Confessions of a Crook.

A SPORTING TRANSACTION.

FOR some time after I was released on ticket-of-leave, as I told you in a previous "Confession," I had to be mighty careful.

I knew a variety of ways by which I could make money, but they were all of them dangerous, especially to a man in my position, and just then I had a very violent objection to the farinaceous diet that the King feeds his guests on.

In consequence I spent a great deal of time in devising a safe and lucrative swindle, and, thanks to Billy the Boy's able assistance, we succeeded in elaborating a splendid scheme for victimising licensed victuallers who happened to be in a hurry to get rich quickly. Naturally you will ask, "Why crooks like myself always select publicans for their victims instead of other tradesmen?" The answer is a simple one. Owing to the nature of their business it is easy to get on friendly terms with a landlord of a hostelry, and then, again, as a class they consider themselves "fly," and are not, as a rule, troubled with Nonconformist consciences.

You would be surprised if I told you how much London had changed during my three years' absence, especially with regard to the licensed trade.

There were new bosses and barmaids all over the place, and houses that previously I dared not peep into were quite safe, as they were owned by strangers.

A Racing Swindle.

The form of swindle took was a racing one. Billy discovered a number of publicans who were addicted to backing horses, and introduced them to a bona fide bookmaker who was quite unconnected with our swindle.

He was always pleased to receive well-to-do pub-

licans as clients, paid Billy his commission, and then, unknown to the bookmaker, I appeared on the scene and gave some excellent tips to the publicans, several of which came off.

In this way we established confidence, and as we spent a good deal of money we gradually became friendly with the boss.

One day, shortly before a big race, Billy commenced to bait the trap.

"You know," he said to the landlord of a well-known hostelry, "that I'm Mr. Mortiboy's—the bookmaker. I introduced you to—clerk."

"So I believe," the landlord would say, as he had every reason to.

"Well, would you like to make a pot of money?"

"By all means. Do you know of anything good?"

"Yes, I know of several likely winners, but I mean do you want to back a certainty?"

"I should like to every day of my life, but there are no 'certs' in racing."

The Only Way.

"But there are," Billy would say mysteriously, "and if you like to halve the profits with me it can be done."

"How?" the publican would exclaim incredulously.

"Listen! I'm in charge of the office. Mortiboy will be on the course. Suppose I take a bet over the 'phone for 'Golden Gates,' and it wins. Mortiboy will pay out."

"Of course; but if 'Golden Gates' loses, he don't."

"You don't quite understand," said Billy. "I can leave a line blank in the book, and if you back the winner of the 2.30 after he has passed the post, I shall record your bet as having been received at 12.30, and he will naturally pay out, though there would be a row because I've forgotten to hedge it."

"I see, then, if 'Golden Gate' or any other horse won at 10 to 1 we would have £500 each, assuming that I backed it for a century?"

"Undoubtedly. You had better back a likely horse to-day for a tanner and do the same to-morrow in case Mortiboy should think there was something strange about it when the coup comes off."

The publican did as requested, and, strange to say, won twice.

At last the week of the big meeting opened, and Mortiboy, as Billy said, went to the course.

The 2.30 race was won by an outsider at 20 to 1, and Billy was jubilant.

£200 of the Best.

"Run down at once and ask the publican to give you notes for a century, or, if possible, induce him to make it two. Here, take this note on Mortiboy's paper, which I pinched the last time I was in his office, and tell him to be sure and destroy it. See that he does. It will look more genuine."

Off I hopped like a bird. The publican fell. Parted with £200 of the best in fivers, which I and Billy shared. That same night Billy sent him the following note: "My dear —.—Be very cautious, and don't say a word should Mortiboy ask any questions. He suspects me of trying to defraud him. I am hopping, and if you say a word or attempt to claim the bet I fear that he will prosecute. Sorry, but can't be helped.—Yours regretfully, Billy."

QUITE FRIENDLY.

De Garry: Is that girl across the street who plays the piano, familiar with Gounod?

Gills: She must think so—she takes such liberties with him.

ROUGH BOTH WAYS.

Cissie: Mamma, if I get married shall I have a husband like dad?

Mother: Yes, my dear.

Cissie: And if I don't get married shall I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?

Mother: Yes.

Cissie (after a pause): Mamma, it is rather a rough world for us women, isn't it?

THE HYPOCRITE.

"How can I part from you," he said,

"When nearly every day

We've walked across the lawn as now

Ay, since the first of May?

We've snipped the blooming roses, too,

The lilies on the path,

And how we laughed and chatted o'er

My wife's unbounded wrath!"

But receiving no answer, he gave one more look over the lawn, broke the silence with a peal of demoniacal laughter—and took the lawn-mower into the tool-house for the winter.



DOCTOR (to countrywoman, at whose house there has just been an interesting event): The tenth child, Mrs. Flaherty; and my wife has only a boy and a girl.

BIDDY: An' shure, doctor, she couldn't have greater variety if she had a hundred!

RARE BOOKS, Etc.

"Bride of the First Night," 1/6; "Aristotle's Works," 3/6; Married Love, by Dr. Stopes, 6/-; Wise Parenthood, 3/6; Knowledge for a Young Man, 4/3; Knowledge for a Young Woman, 4/3 (Adults only); Chic Photos, Choice Sample, 1/-, 2/6, 5/- packet; 6 Cabinets, various positions, 1/6. List and 72 samples FREE.

A. S. CHARLES & Co.,
WEST GREEN RD., LONDON.

OUR LATEST NOVELTY GIVEN AWAY

To MARRIED or ADULT readers of the "Half Holiday" who write for our latest Price List of RUBBER GOODS, WHIRLING SPRAYS, and ALL PRO-RACE and SURGICAL APPLIANCES. ABSOLUTELY FREE, under plain sealed cover. WRITE NOW BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

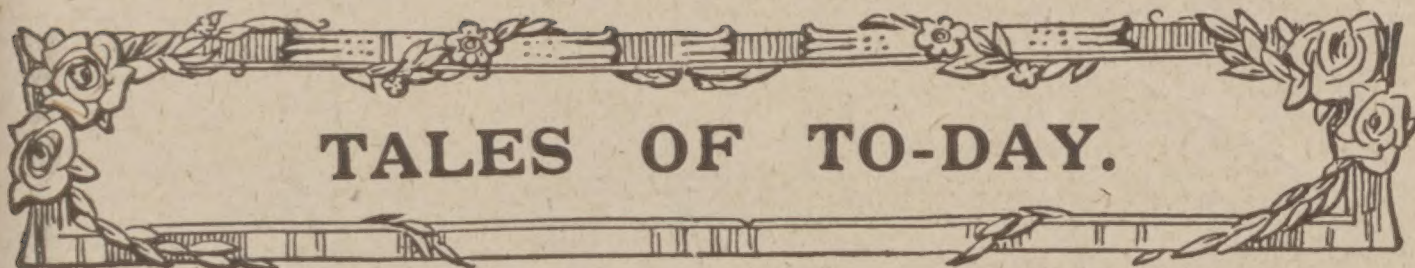
W. GEORGE, Ltd. (Dept. A.S.)
10 & 21, Green St., Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2.

TO LADIES.

MADAME FROMONT'S FAMOUS FEMALE PILLS.

The Safest and Surest. Not often advertised, but known the world over. For Anaemia, etc., and are invaluable for Females. Price 3s. and 6s. per box, post free, from the Sole Agents,

CHARLES and CO.
Chemists' Sundrymen, (A. S. Dept.)
West Green Road, London.



TALES OF TO-DAY.

DORA.

SILENCE brooded in and around the stockbroker's mansion in Palace Gardens. The straw was lying thickly on the roadway outside, so that taxis and motor-cars, passing in the shadows of the evening, looked like phantoms; the knocker was muffled, the electric bells cut off.

In the nursery, a stout, honest countrywoman was hushing baby to sleep, and the two elder children sat, quiet and alarmed, in a corner, making a pretence of turning the leaves of a picture-book, but really staring straight in front of them and wondering what was the hidden mystery of it all.

The servants were gathered in the kitchen. Jane, the housemaid, was whimpering. She had let the physician in an hour ago, and she was waiting for the signal to open the door for him on his departure. That would be the last time, for it would be all over then.

In the sick room, Herbert Burton, the stockbroker, was lying unconscious. The physician sat at the foot of the bed, only occasionally casting a glance at the white, drawn face. For there was no longer any hope.

By the bedside sat his wife, her head bowed close to the pillow which had been hers so many years. She was crying a little. They were the bitter tears of despair. She had been told, days ago, that this was to be the end.

And he was leaving her. This man, who would soon be clay, who had wooed and won her in the golden days; who had been her companion, her husband, through the days and nights of years that were vanished; who was the father of her children, the god of her heart; this man was being stolen from her for ever.

He had never been a jealous lover, save, perhaps, in the time of courtship. His was not a passionate nature; no excessive fondness was in him. But he had been a true man, husband, father; careless, not enthusiastic, but trustworthy, trusting, and always happy.

Mary Burton's hand, warm with the blood of life, smoothed and fondled the thin, cold fingers that were stretched upon the coverlet. The doctor arose. He had seen the eyelids open, the blue lips move.

Mary Burton looked up, hoping, frightened. The doctor's finger warned her to silence. But he, her husband, was about to speak. Perhaps it would be but a last good-bye, but it was a return to consciousness. Would he live after all?

The upraised finger of the physician unnerved her. Why could she not pour out her heart to the man who was hers?

The blue lips moved again; there was a light in the glassy eyes. Mary Burton stifled her breath. She would hear every syllable.

A word came, faint, but distinct.

"Dora."

Mrs. Burton looked at the doctor. His finger still demanded silence.

"Dora!"

What could it mean? Dare she ask? The word he should have uttered was "Mary!" The doctor's hand rested on her shoulder. He was comforting her. The dying man's head moved. His arms were stretched out in embrace. He half arose in the bed.

"Dora!" he whispered. "Dora. My darling!" And he was dead.

The wife sat there, turned like to stone, for

many minutes. The physician sat by her, chafing her hands.

Then her staring eyes strained in an intensity of grief.

"Dora!" she moaned. "What was Dora to him? His dying breath had said, 'Dora, my darling!'"

She fell on her knees, and her hands went up in an appeal to Heaven.

"And if Dora was that to him!—in God's name, what was I?"

* * * * *

Some weeks afterwards, a curious scene was enacted in a pretty little house close to the Fulham Road.

A girl—a girl in years at least—wrapped in a snug dressing-gown, was see-sawing herself in a rocking-chair by a blazing fire. A cigarette was poised between her first and second fingers, and she blew a fragrant cloud towards the ceiling.

A man stood by the table. He had flung hat, coat, race-glasses, and gloves on a chair, and, with his hands thrust deep in his trousers-pocket, eyed the girl suddenly, and gnawed the stump of a cigar with vicious teeth.

"What luck?"

It was the girl who spoke.

"Kempton luck."

"That's none, I suppose?"

"Kempton luck is bad with me. I must have backed every wrong 'un on the course."

He flung down an evening paper.

"Just look at that, Dora. I've marked; the horses I've backed, and there ain't one got a place!"

She lifted the paper carelessly and glanced at the racing news.

"Poor Jack," she said, "you're the unluckiest boy on earth."

With an oath, he dropped into a chair, and began staring at the fire.

Her eyes wandered from the column of racing results.

"What's this? Police Intelligence—Big Fire—Promoting Scandal in the City—oh! bosh! Wills and Bequests—ah!"



THE SWAIN: I'm afraid you're hiding somethin' g from me, Lizette.
LIZETTE: No, really, dear, very little I can assure you.

She clutched the paper tighter and her eyes approached nearer to it.

"Herbert Burton," she read, "'Stockbroker, of Palace Gardens and Copthall Court.'"

"What's that?" cried the man. "The old boy's dead, then?"

"Yes," she nodded. "And I never knew it. No wonder I never heard from him. I thought there was something up. But, fancy—dead! Well, I never!"

"What did he leave? Does it say?"

She looked again at the paper.

"Fifty thousand quid!"

"Who to?"

"All to his wife."

Dora flung the paper on the fire. There was a long silence. Then Jack said:

"He might have left you a bit, Dora."

"He might. But he didn't, evidently. Not a fiver. Perhaps it was too sudden, or I think he would. I'm sure he would if he had suspected he was going off like that. He told me he should put me in his will. But he hasn't. Not even a lock of his hair. Jack, my boy, you'll have to buck up and do something for a living."

—)o(—

THE BLESSED RENT.

Studious Son: Dad, what makes the earth move?
Occupied Father: Because it's cheaper than paying rent, you idiot!

—)o(—

OUT OF HER ELEMENT.

Wife: My friends used to tell me I sang like an angel.

Hubby: As that's the case, why don't you wait until you get to Heaven?

—)o(—

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Ye Inquire of Ye Inquisitive Youthe.

O tell me, learned manne of skille,

Why is itte whenne I trie

To kisse a girle againste her wille

She dothe so plaintive crie?

Ye Reply of Ye Learned Manne.

Itte is a womanne's tricke, Fairre Youthe,

Nor deeme itte an affronte,

Ye maiden plaintive cries, forsoothe,

Because she fears you won'te.

YOUR POWDER PUFF ALWAYS HANDY

Ladies find the
"LA MIRETTE"

WRISTLET POWDER PUFF CASE AND MIRROR

Reduced
to
2/6



indispensable at dances, parties, golf, tennis, boating, and the holidays. Worn like a wrist watch, contains powder puff, mirror, and powder. Your Powder Puff and Mirror always at hand. Useful and Handy. Only 2/6 each, post free. Send remittance to
THE NOVELTY CO. (Dept. 9),
Boswell House, Bolt Crt, Fleet St., E.C.





The keystone of Lipton's success

has been Quality — and to-day —
Quality ranks first in the principle
on which LIPTON'S business is
conducted. LIPTON'S take a
personal pride in the excellence
of everything they supply for the
table. Judge for yourselves how
well that ideal is maintained in
all you buy from LIPTON'S

LIPTON'S

Tea Planters, Ceylon

THE LARGEST TEA GROWERS, MANUFACTURERS
AND RETAILERS OF FOOD PRODUCTS IN THE WORLD

HEAD OFFICE: CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom